

**TITLE** Killing Eve

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An old florescent light flickers in a small, tired ice-cream parlour. Faded pastel wallpaper and enthusiastic posters exclaim flavours in German: "Vanille! Schokolade!"

A few people walk past on the street outside.

The vendor, a teenage boy, stands numbly at the counter.

A mother and daughter(7) sit by the window.

There is an eerie quiet about the scene.

Then we see her.

Sitting alone and upright at a small, plastic table is a petite, striking, impossibly chic young woman.

Her black hair falls lightly down her back. Her precise yet subtle make-up hardly noticeable. Her eyes totally unreadable. She is impeccable and impenetrable.

On her table is a passport, and an airline ticket. By her feet, a weekend case and two high-fashion shopping bags.

She neatly eats a large, elaborate ice cream. Three flavours with all the trimmings.

This is Villanelle.

The little girl stares at her from her window-side table, while her mother rifles through her handbag.

Villanelle and the girl stare at each other for a moment. Both eating their ice creams.

Eventually Villanelle smiles awkwardly at the girl.

The girl does not smile back, but continues to stare suspiciously, shovelling ice-cream into her mouth until she moves her gaze to the young man at the counter.

He notices and smiles at her.

A huge chocolatey grin peels across the girls face in response. She giggles at him.

Villanelle observes the easy exchange: the dipping of the boys head, the crinkle of his eye, the kind, wide smile. She frowns.

She turns to the little girl who is watching her again.

Villanelle smiles at her again, but this time identically mimicing the dipping of the boys head, the crinkle of his eye, the kind, wide smile.

The girl now smiles back.

Satisfied, Villanelle looks at her watch, spoons the last her ice-cream and picks up her bag.

She drops some change into the tip jar as she passes the boy.

VENDOR  
(blushing)  
Danke.

She nods and heads to the exit. He watches her admiringly from the corner of his teenage eye, already in love.

As she passes the grinning little girl she hesitates. deliberately knocks the small pot of ice-cream into her lap.

The little girl screams.

Villanelle exits with a small smile.

2 INT. LONDON. EVE'S BEDROOM. 5.45AM.

2

A mobile phone rings relentlessly. Eve (41, smart, sardonic, a touch of ennui) sleeps. She yells into the room from her pillow. Her husband, Niko (40s, Polish) puts a pillow over her head in protest of her groan. She pushes her hand out, leans over the side of the bed and rummages through her bag to find her phone. She answers.

EVE  
(into the phone)  
Somebody famous better be bleeding  
on a street somewhere.  
(beat, serious)  
Oh. Wow, shit, ok. No, no I'll be  
there. Yes, I'm already up.

She puts the phone down and immediately curls back up to a sleepy Niko.

NIKO  
National emergency?

EVE  
(into his shoulder)  
Yup.

3 INT. THAMES HOUSE, HEADQUARTERS OF MI5. CORRIDOR. EARLY MORNING.

3

Caption: MI5.

Eve, now in a badly fitting suit, trying to cover her shirt with her jacket because she forgot to put a bra on in the rush to get ready, balancing a folder and a briefcase walks quickly down a corridor with her deadpan assistant, Elena, who is eating a croissant.

EVE  
(stressed)  
I forgot to put a bra on.

ELENA  
You look like shit.

EVE  
Thanks. What's going on? Did you get me a croissant?

ELENA  
No. Want the rest of this?

EVE  
Of course I want the rest of that.

Elena stuffs it all in her mouth. Eve watches her.

EVE (CONT'D)  
I could actually cry.

ELENA  
(grinning)  
Sorry. Ok, from what I could eavesdrop on, Germany is here. Their department fucked up in Berlin and a Balkan sex-trafficking politician has been murdered -

EVE  
(sarcastic)  
Oh no!

ELENA  
I know, bum-out.

EVE  
Why have they called *me* in?

ELENA  
Take notes for Bill? Don't know.

EVE  
Was it a contract kill?

ELENA  
Don't know.

EVE  
You really earn your money you know.

ELENA

I have no idea what we do here.

EVE

Get me a croissant.

Elena pulls a croissant in a paper bag out of her handbag and hands it to Eve, who smiles and shakes her head, amused.

ELENA

Everyone's in there with an important looking German man.

(She grins)

You're the late one.

4

INT. THAMES HOUSE. MI5 MEETING ROOM. LATER

4

Eve creeps in to the room finding six officials sitting around a table listening to CAROLINE, HEAD OF MI5 INVESTIGATIONS introducing everyone.

CAROLINE

And this is John Hammond, from the NCA's Organised Crime team.

Eve sits next to her superior BILL, (50s, dry).

BILL

(to Eve, under his breath)  
Professional. Where did you get that?

He tries to grab her croissant bag. She pulls it away. Caroline gestures towards them.

CAROLINE

And finally, this is Bill Woodman.

BILL

Hi.

CAROLINE

And his late Associate Eve Polastri. They provide protection and security for high profile visitors to the UK. What has just happened in Berlin is basically their worst nightmare.

There is a crackle as Eve tries to get to her croissant. Everyone looks. She stops.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

I hoped they might have some insight into your situation, Lucas.

RITTER

Thank you.

He flicks on his computer which loads an image onto a projector screen. It depicts a large, aggressive man in a sharp suit.

RITTER (CONT'D)

(holding up the picture)

Ok, Dragan Horvat, was a Balkan politician visiting Berlin last week. He was not a popular man, but had an unfortunately high profile so we provided protection for the duration of his visit.

JOHN HAMMOND

What happened?

RITTER

Two nights ago, Horvat was coming out of a - really good by the way - sushi restaurant near Charlottenburg with his girlfriend Irena Milczarek.

He loads a cheap, amateur modelling shot of an Eastern-European teenage girl. She is attractive but with large black rings around her eyes. She seems old before her years.

RITTER (CONT'D)

Somehow, about 50 yards down the street the assassin managed to slice Horvats femoral artery with a blade without him - or us - noticing. He was bleeding for about a minute before he collapsed.

He loads a picture of the crime scene. Horvat now spread on the pavement with what appears to be a sea of blood around him, almost flowing down the street. A couple of distressed passers-by are avoiding the bloody lake and cowering backwards. He flicks over to a close up autopsy photograph of the wound: One, neat, small knife-hole in his upper thigh. Brutal, exact deadly.

Everyone is horrified.

EVE

(impressed)

Nice.

Beat. She didn't mean to say that out loud. The room is not impressed.

CAROLINE

This is a very advanced attack. It doesn't fit any other profile.

RITTER

The girlfriend is the only witness. She raised the alarm and then fled here, to the UK. She is being questioned this afternoon.

JOHN HAMMOND

How did the killer get that close without Horvat being suspicious?

RITTER

We are working on the assumption that he must have personally known, or recognised the assassin.

CAROLINE

We are going to assist Ritter as much as we can. If there is a new assassin out there we all need to keep talking to each other. If anything comes up, please flag it immediately. Thank you.

Everyone stands up and starts to leave.

EVE

It was probably a woman.

They stop and turn to her.

EVE (CONT'D)

To get that close to him.

(beat)

Horvat was a misogynist and a sex trafficker. He may not have considered a passing woman on the street a threat.

Beat. Someone guffaws.

CAROLINE

Flag it on the system.

Eve nods. Everyone starts to leave. Bill rolls his eyes at Eve. She pokes him.

EVE

(sotto)

Bet you twenty quid it's a woman.

She smiles. He shakes his head.

5 INT. STREET. PARIS - DAY

5

Villanelle walks out of a run-down, Haussmannian-style block of flats and continues down the street.

The neighbourhood is unkempt and charmingly uneven. Wrought iron balconettes and crumbling walls give the scene a charm, but it still has the edge of an anonymous corner of a big and sprawling city.

She passes an attractive looking couple holding hands. They both notice her as she passes them. She eyes them both, flirtation in her eyes, yet it's oddly unclear which one she is admiring...

6

INT. MI5 CORRIDOR - DAY

6

Eve and Bill walk together.

EVE

This is the third unaccounted for slick as fuck kill in six months.

BILL

Language.

EVE

I want to find her.

BILL

"Her". Is this going to become a thing?

EVE

Would you mind if I asked to be present in the witness interview?

BILL

Sure, if you're an agent. But you're a glorified security guard so.. Dang sorry.

EVE

But if it's a new assassin, we need to know as much as we can as soon as we -

BILL

Yes I would mind. Your time is mine. I own you.

EVE

I'm going to do it anyway.

BILL

I know.



7 INT. PARIS. CORNER SHOP. CONT.

7

Villanelle walks up the aisle of a grotty corner shop. A shop assistant balances, treacherously on a step ladder while organising magazines.

Villanelle walks straight to the fridge and takes out a bottle of pink champagne and a couple of yogurts.

She walks to the counter. Waiting, she turns to see that the assistant is still up the step ladder reaching for the top shelf.

The step ladder starts to slip. She can see it's going to slide... she focuses hard on the sliding base.

She watches for a beat, expectantly. But does nothing.

Suddenly the ladder cracks and the assistant hits the floor with a crash.

Villanelle blinks, then dashes over to the woman to help her up, her face suddenly racked with convincing worry.

VILLANELLE

(in French)

Are you ok?! What happened are you hurt?!

SHOP ASSISTANT

(furious with the ladder,  
in French)

Bastard thing! I hate the bastard thing! Thank you! Sorry! Thank you, mademoiselle.

(she laughs)

Wish it had killed me!!

She smiles slightly and she dusts herself off.

8 INT. MI5 EVES DESK. CONT.

8

Eve is at her desk, staring at a picture of Horvat on her computer. Elena approaches, holding a desk pillow and a folder.

ELENA

Do you want next week's list or do you want to frig off to this handsome chap? You look like a woman on the verge.

EVE

That's the sex trafficker from Berlin.

(beat)

(MORE)

EVE (CONT'D)

I think his assassin was a woman.  
I've just flagged it on the system.

ELENA

(deadpan)

Yeah, I saw. Exciting. OK, I got  
three coming in over the next  
fortnight for you -

Elena puts files down as she speak about each person

ELENA (CONT'D)

The Pakistani writer, Nasreen  
Jilani is speaking at the Oxford  
Union on Thursday week. She's had  
death threats. I'd say medium  
protection would do it.

EVE

Ok.

ELENA

Reza Mokri, the Iranian nuclear  
physicist is visiting with -

EVE

She should have full protection.

ELENA

Ok. And finally we have a Mr.  
Victor Kedrin coming from Russia,  
but if you ask me -

EVE

I never do -

ELENA

I'd say he's a waste of resources.  
i know you're going to say / you  
can't be too careful.

EVE

You can't be too careful.

ELENA

But we also can't ask the Met to  
baby-sit every crackpot Russian  
radical who shows up at Heathrow.

Eve turns to her. Focused.

EVE

He's the political theorist right?

ELENA

Yeah, he's all about ditching the US and uniting Europe and Russia in a bleak, neo-fascist, sexless future. He can't have many friends.

EVE

You'd be surprised. I'll take a look and talk to Bill.

She turns back to the picture of Horvat

ELENA

You sort of have a responsibility to grow up to be a sex trafficker if you look like that, don't you?

Beat

EVE

He looks a bit like my dad.

9 INT. VILLANELLES FLAT - CONT.

9

Villanelle walks into her apartment, and throws her key into a small silver bowl on a table by the door.

She walks into her apartment.

It's a pokey, old-school open-plan studio pent-house decorated with a mishmash of old paintings and retro furniture, it looks like it may have once been a granny-flat - cluttered with mismatching, rickety furniture and old rugs, but in the new hipster world of today has accidentally become the coolest thing anyone has ever seen.

On the far wall there are small, cracked shutters that open out on to a balconette, boasting a view of the entire city. The Eiffel tower glows romantically in the distance.

Villanelle dumps her corner shop bag on the kitchen counter and walks towards a large oak wardrobe. Leaning against the wardrobe are the two high-fashion shopping bags she has in the first scene.

She opens the wardrobe to reveal a collection of cascading, beautiful dresses, pressed trousers, carefully folded scarves and jumpers and coats in protective covers. It's a stunning array of exceptionally and expensive clothes... a clear priority for a woman who appears to live such a stark, simple and unglamorous life.

She removes her coat and hangs it gently. She sweeps her hands down it admiringly. She takes a long red dress out of one of the sitting shopping bags and a beautiful scarf out of the other. She hangs them carefully before closing the door with a slight sense of ceremony.

She heads to the small kitchen area.

She opens the fridge. It is empty but for five or so Champagne bottles with spoons in the neck. She takes one out and pours a glass. She then retrieves a yogurt from the fridge and a spoon from a rickety drawer. She replaces them with her new purchases.

She pads across the room to her bed. It is a single bed, with a twee, floral cover on it. The curtains are heavy and slightly moth eaten.

Villanelle sits crossed legged on her bed. She opens and eats the yogurt as we see her click on an e-mail titled: Holiday update!

A series of holiday snaps appear on the screen. A middle aged couple standing next to a kid sitting on a camel in the glorious sun. They look ecstatically happy.

The caption reads:

**We're having a horrible time! Back on Sunday, landing 7:42, should be home circa 9:45. Area code is +2010 if you need to call the mob. Don't work too hard. Lots of love. Jeff and Leila.**

**PS please note Leila's new e-mail is LMPrice88307@hotmail.com**

Villanelle seamlessly decodes the message which give her a password to a caption box on her screen.

She gets in and it reads:

**Flight AIRFRANCE 4201**

**SUNDAY 12TH OCT.**

**11:00am CDG PARIS - PALERMO**

She raises her eyebrows at her new destination. She has not been there before. She checks the clock hanging on her wall. It's 2am. With one hand she pulls a small weekend bag from under her bed.

She copies the photographs of the happy family into another open page and decodes them effortlessly.

She then decodes the e-mail address and cracks open the photos with the code.

The colourful, happy photos dissolve to reveal a series of pictures of an enormous, terrifying man with black eyes and beautiful clothes. There are also pictures of a car and a farmhouse.

She decodes the final few numbers which reveal the name:

**SALVATORE GRECO, 90046 San Martino delle Scale PA, Italy.**

She looks hard at the name and picture. She closes her eyes. Opens them again. As she stares at the picture her lips count down silently from five. At 'zero' the picture disappears.

She stares at the screen for a second and the original e-mail and holiday snap stares back at her, like nothing had happened.

She googles "weather forecast, Palermo". It reveals a week of sunshine at 25 degrees. Her eyebrows raise again. Pleasant surprise.

10

INT. MI5. BILL'S OFFICE - LATER

10

Eve enters with a folder. Bill sits with a scarf on, writing on a file.

EVE

Pretty scarf.

BILL

(grumpy as hell)

It's colder in here than it is outside.

EVE

You're adorable.

(holding up the folder)

I need your take on this guy Victor Kedrin.

BILL

Wannabe revolutionary with a very small audience. I wouldn't give him too much muscle. Now get out before I burn you for warmth.

EVE

Any word on when they are interviewing the Berlin witness? I put a request in to be present, but I haven't heard -

BILL

Oh, that's out. You can drop that.

EVE

What?

BILL

Some CCTV came up of the assassin. They're all over him. They're gonna let the little crack pony go.

Beat. She is taken aback.

EVE

Oh. Ok.

She starts to leave, but stops at the door.

EVE (CONT'D)

They just found CCTV now?

BILL

Apparently so.

EVE

Ok.

She turns to leave, a little stunned.

BILL

Oi.

He holds his hand out without looking at her.

BILL (CONT'D)

Twenty quid.

She takes a fiver out of her wallet and hands it to him.

11 EXT. PALERMO - DAY.

11

Caption: PALERMO

Villanelle bombs through the streets of Palermo on a classic scooter. We see the city glitter in the afternoon sun. As she whips past the opera house the enormous posters for TOSCA catch her eye: a huge image of a striking, young, blonde girl in early 19th Century dress holding her arms out in a desperate cry.

She whizzes past towards the busy centre.

12 INT. MI5 EVE'S DESK. CONT.

12

Eve walks back to her desk, slightly confused. Elena bounces up. She notices Eve frowning.

ELENA

What's up your arse?

EVE

Elena, grab fit Max from Vice for me will you.

ELENA

FINALLY. Which bit of him?

EVE

On the phone please.

13 EXT. PALERMO. STREET MARKET - CONT.

13

Villanelle walks through the incredible, bustling food market. Fresh fish and vegetables pour off the stands and people are yelling for deals and sales.

She carries a small bag of food.

She picks up an oyster from the icy counter it sits on. She necks it and hands the shell back to the vendor.

Beat. He stares at her. Waiting for her to offer money for it.

VILLANELLE  
(sweetly, in Italian)  
Delicious! Thank you!

VENDOR  
(in Italian)  
*Hey! You pay for that!*

Villanelle just turns flirtaeously

VILLANELLE  
(in Italian)  
I said thank you!

She walks off. He can't help but laugh at her.

VENDOR  
*No!?*

She smiles again and disappears into the crowd.

The confused vendor is too stunned and distracted by demanding customers to fight.

We follow her through the streets. She is very watchful. She absorbs it all. The heights of the buildings, the sound of her shoes on the floor. She studies everything. A young bronzed man walks past her. She eyes his body. But pulls herself away from the temptation. She has work to do.

14 INT. METROPOLITAN POLICE. OUTSIDE INTERVIEW ROOM - LATER. 14

Eve dashes up the corridor. PC MAX HARPER greets her and hands her a file. She looks through a door at a strung out, heroin-chic teenager hanging her head between her legs on a chair in an interview room. ETHEL, translator, 60s, stands near them.

EVE  
Thanks for holding on to her Max, I owe you a favour.

PC MAX HARPER  
No mate, we're quits now.

EVE  
(remembering what she did  
for him once, she laughs)  
Oh shit yeah! Brilliant. Show me  
the girl.

PC MAX HARPER  
Irena Milczarek, 17, Polish, very  
high. She's all yours.  
(introducing)  
This is Ethel. She'll translate. Be  
quick though. Got to release her in  
an hour.

15 INT. METROPOLITAN POLICE. INTERVIEW ROOM. LATER. 15

Sat almost comatose in her chair is Irena. Eve sits with the  
PC HARPER and ETHEL.

IRENA garbles incoherently. Then stops. Eve and PC HARPER  
look at Ethel who is squinting.

ETHEL  
I'm sorry. She's unintelligible. I  
don't recognise any of these words.

Beat. Eve rubs her eyes then turns to Max.

EVE  
Does anyone in the department speak  
heroin Polish?

Beat.

EVE (CONT'D)  
I'm serious.

Irena kicks off with the garbling again. Ethel struggles to  
keep up. Irena occasionally looks up and makes gestures. She  
is somewhere between laughing and crying and passing out.

ETHEL  
I think she is saying they were  
drunk or - or she's drunk now - she  
mentioned someone, a plank of wood?  
No, or a thin - he was thin - God,  
I'm sorry.

EVE  
Ask her if it was a man or a woman.

ETHEL  
(in Polish)  
*Did you see a man or a woman?*



Irena garbles again. Ethel looks hopelessly at Eve

EVE

Ok.

(she stops the recording  
and takes the tape)

Can we see if we can get her  
cleaned up.

Max nods. Eve leans over to Irena

EVE (CONT'D)

Rusz dupe do Iozka.

Irena looks up at her and seems to nod. Eve leaves the room.

Ethel with her.

16 INT. METROPOLITAN POLICE. OUTSIDE INTERVIEW ROOM. CONT. 16

PC MAX HARPER

You speak Polish?

EVE

No. But my husband is Polish. So  
I've picked up one or two phrases.

She smiles and walks off.

PC MAX HARPER

What did she say?

ETHEL

"Get your ass into bed".

17 EXT. SICILY. PALERMO. B&B. DAY. 17

Villanelle enters the small, unremarkable reception. A very  
chirpy, keen teenage girl stands at reception.

GIRL

(in Italian)

*Good afternoon!*

VILLANELLE

(exactly the same)

*Good afternoon!*

Beat. The girl looks like she is about to say something.

VILLANELLE (CONT'D)

You want to say something else?

GIRL

Oh! Would you mind me asking a few  
questions about your trip?

(MORE)

GIRL (CONT'D)  
 Just for market research and rating  
 etc. We like to know how we are  
 doing.

VILLANELLE  
 (irritated)  
 Um..

GIRL  
 Are you here for work?

VILLANELLE  
 Yes.

GIRL  
 Cool. How would you rate your hotel  
 and service experience out of ten?

VILLANELLE  
 Um... Six.

Pause.

GIRL  
 (a little hurt and  
 defensive)  
 Oh. Well... I - There is a package  
 for you.

She hands her a package.

VILLANELLE  
 Thank you.

GIRL  
 Have a wonderful day and do let me  
 know if there is -

Villanelle is already at the lift.

The lift ascends as the young Girl watches the doors close on  
 this intense, slightly rude woman.

18 INT. B&B ROOM. CONT.

18

Villanelle sits on her bed and opens the package. It is a  
 large box with a silk scarf in it. She holds it up and  
 caresses it, then effortlessly ties it around her bun. She  
 splits the box to reveal the secret compartment. She takes  
 out a small gun with a silencer. She pieces it together and  
 puts it on the bed.

Just then there is a knock on the door. She freezes. She  
 grabs the gun and holds it behind her as she slides off the  
 bed and in front of the door, ready for anything.

VILLANELLE

Yes?

GIRL (O.S.)

I have a sandwich for you!

VILLANELLE

(confused)

I didn't ask for one.

GIRL

Oh, it's on the house. If there is any laundry or anything I can -

Villanelle opens the door. A smile creeps over her lips

VILLANELLE

Are you bribing me?

GIRL

(scared)

If I don't get a rating over seven my Aunt will get rid of me. Apparently people find me irritating.

VILLANELLE

You are irritating. But I respect that you are bribing me.

She takes the sandwich

VILLANELLE (CONT'D)

I'll give you a nine if you don't speak to me again.

The girl gives her a huge smile and a nod as Villanelle closes the door on her.

She closes the door unzips her bag, takes out and airs a gorgeous top. She holds it up, admiring it.

Suddenly, her phone rings. She turns, surprised. She finds it, picks up the call and holds it to her ear. Flash of confusion flies across her face. We hear a male voice.

KONSTANTIN

(on the phone)

You've been flagged in MI5.

Villanelle doesn't say anything

KONSTANTIN (CONT'D)

Some secretary from MI5 in London made enquiries. There also may have been a witness in Berlin.

Villanelle doesn't say anything

KONSTANTIN (CONT'D)  
 They've both been shut down. I  
 shouldn't have told you but my neck  
 is on the line. Don't fuck up  
 again.

(beat)  
 Villanelle?

VILLANELLE  
 Name?

KONSTANTIN  
 We've diverted the witness. You  
 don't need to know.

VILLANELLE  
 No, name of the woman who flagged  
 me.

KONSTANTIN  
 Why?

Beat. Villanelle says nothing. She just waits. There is a  
 rustle of paper on the line.

KONSTANTIN (CONT'D)  
 Eve Polastri. She's in a small  
 department. She doesn't matter.

Villanelle doesn't say anything. She absorbs the information.

KONSTANTIN (CONT'D)  
 (hard)  
 She doesn't concern you.  
 (beat)  
 Enjoy Palermo. The street food is  
 exquisite.

He disconnects. Villanelle puts the phone down. She  
 immediately takes out the SIM card, splits it in half and  
 puts it down the toilet. She takes another SIM card out of a  
 small compartment in her bag. She puts it in the phone and  
 makes sure it's working.

She goes back to hanging her top up. After a beat she stops.

Villanelle looks at it for a beat. Then closes her laptop.

Villanelle is bombing through the landscape on her scooter.

20 EXT. HILL NEAR FARMHOUSE. OUTSIDE PALERMO. DAY. 20

Villanelle sits on her scooter, she still wears the scarf in her hair. She assesses the building through binoculars. We see her POV.

It's a beautiful, large, two story, local stone built renovated farmhouse, surrounded by a high stone wall with a large iron gate at the front.

Over the wall Villanelle can just see the mature beautiful garden, including maritime pines, palms, olive trees, bougainvillea and other local plants.

The farmhouse is intensely fortified. Six private security guards circulate the outside wall. They are broad, aggressive, armed men.

She watches them through her binoculars.

It seems peaceful.

After a few beats the gates open and a car exits the farmhouse. Another car follows and four of the guards get in. Both cars drive off. She freezes and focuses her binoculars, desperate to get a look at Greco. But it's too quick. He's gone.

Once the cars have gone, the remaining guards take out cigarettes, start chatting and return inside the gates to patrol the perimeter of the house.

She watches them enter the gate. She brings her binoculars down from her eyes.

CUT TO:

21 INT. FARMHOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY. 21

Villanelle stands in the middle of the living room. It's the picture of rustic luxury. Traditional chestnut beams, terra cotta floor tiles and two fireplaces. Beautifully restored antique furniture sits impeccably around the room.

We can see the guards out of the window. They are completely unaware that she is in there.

She looks around the room. She blinks.

22 INT. FARMHOUSE. STUDY. CONT 22

Greco's desk is a dominant feature in the room. Villanelle rifles through the drawers. She tries to open one that is locked. From her back pocket she pulls an incredibly thin gadget resembling a lightweight pocketknife.

She handles it expertly. One flick and a pin emerges. She pulls a second pin from it and effortlessly opens the drawer lock.

It rolls open.

It's full of fizzy sweets and chocolate bars. She grimaces slightly. Then eats one. She's annoyed about how delicious it is, she takes a handful and pockets them.

There are various documents on the table that she rifles through.

She opens another drawer to find a pile of leaflets and opera programmes and cut outs of reviews and cut outs of pictures. They all have one thing in common. They all feature the same young actress. There is one real photograph.

She pulls out one picture in particular: It's a professional photograph of a beautiful, blonde, innocent young woman sitting on a bed. She is fully clothed, but there is something slightly erotic in the composition.

A guard lights a cigarette outside. Villanelle hears the almost imperceptible click of the lighter as he passes the window.

She ducks out of view, replacing the picture, and kicks the sweetie drawer closed.

The guard casually looks through the window as she slips out of view.

When he clears the window, Villanelle stands, re-locks the drawer, slips her gadget back into her back pocket and walks silently towards the door.

23 INT. FARMHOUSE. CORRIDOR. DAY

23

Villanelle moves swiftly through the corridor. As she reaches the end she hears a door open, close and lock. She freezes.

Both guards have entered the farmhouse and are heading to the kitchen.

GUARD 1 (O.S.)  
(in Italian)  
*What do you want in it?*

GUARD 2  
*Tomato.*

GUARD 1  
*And what else?*

GUARD 2  
*Nothing. Just tomato.*

GUARD 1

*You can't just have a 'tomato sandwich'.*

GUARD 2

*Why not?*

GUARD 1

*You just can't. I'm putting other stuff in. I'll be a couple of minutes. Do something useful. Do a sweep upstairs.*

GUARD 2

*Ok. But, I'm not going to like it unless it's just tomato.*

She hears foot steps. Guard 2 is approaching. She whips up the stairs, over the bannister down the hallway, past a few doors and into the bedroom.

24 INT. FARMHOUSE. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY. CONT. 24

Villanelle is nowhere to be seen. The Guard 2 walks down the corridor checking all the rooms whistling to himself.

He walks out of sight into the bedroom where we know Villanelle is hiding.

25 INT. FARMHOUSE. BEDROOM. CONT. 25

Guard 2 swings the door open and enters the bedroom. There is a large, oak, four-poster bed in the centre of the room with a deep red throw and a pile of decadent cushions. It is very like the bed the young girl was sitting on in the photograph.

As Guard 2 walks in to the centre of the room we can see behind him. Villanelle is balancing on the beam of the door frame, above the door. She is deathly still.

Guard 2 walks in to sweep the room. With his back to her, he is unaware of the spider-like woman carefully swinging herself out of the room and onto the beam in the hallway.

She has disappeared. He turns around.

GUARD 1 (O.S.)

(from downstairs)

*Butter?*

GUARD 2

*No. All clear up here.*

GUARD 1 (O.S.)

*Ok. Found some salami.*

GUARD 2  
No thanks.

GUARD 1  
I'm putting it in.

GUARD 2  
No!

He walks out.

26 INT. CORRIDOR. CONT.

26

Guard 2, much quicker now, walks to the end of the corridor and down the spiralling stairs. Villanelle is now standing high on the beam this side of the door. She is hardly breathing.

As he jogs round the corner of the stairs, Villanelle silently drops to the floor.

Guard 2 stops suddenly, as if he has heard something. He puts his hand on his gun and starts to ascend the stairs again.

As he slowly makes it to the last step he looks up and catches sight of Villanelle's heel as she disappears into another room.

GUARD 2  
HEY! What the fuck?  
(calling to Guard 1)  
AGOSTO! THERE'S SOMEONE FUCKING  
HERE!

He lurches towards the room.

27 INT. SECOND BEDROOM. CONT.

27

He bursts in and slams the door behind him. We can hear Agosto coming up the stairs behind him.

It's clearly a spare room. It's smaller with two single beds. There are a few boxes piled next to them and a suitcase sits at the end of the furthest one.

Guard 2 sweeps the room with his eyes. He checks the ceiling. He opens the cupboards, looks under the beds.

Guard 1 bursts in holding a sandwich and his gun. He takes one look at the room.

GUARD 1  
Fuck.

He gestures to the window which is hanging open. The two men look at each other before running out of the room.



Beat. The room is left empty. After a moment, one of the suitcases falls on it's side.

It's zip slowly begins to open and we watch as Villanelle unfolds herself out of the case, spider-like and effortless.

She leaves the room.

28 INT. FARMHOUSE. CORRIDOR. CONT. 28

She flies to the end of the corridor, opens a small window on the other side of the building and neatly folds herself round onto the wall outside. She shimmies up and away and out of sight.

29 EXT. FARMHOUSE. ROOF. CONT. 29

We pan over the roof and see the two guards walking the circumference of the building.

Villanelle lies flat on the roof. She holds her gun to her chest and she screws the silencer on.

Crows circle above her.

She waits as she watches the crows fly closer to a row of thick bushes on the edge of a small wood by the farmhouse.

She takes aim. She silently shoots. The bird drops from the sky and into the bushes below. The sounds makes both guards spin round. They nod to each other.

Together they creep into the trees. She shoots another bird and another and as they tumble into the trees the leaves rattle and the guards follow deeper.

She sits up and watches them get further away.

30 EXT. PALERMO. DIRT TRACK. LATER 30

Villanelle drives up the road, and out of sight.

31 INT. EVE'S FLAT. KITCHEN. EVENING. 31

Eve enters her flat. It is nothing special. There are too many coats on the hook and there are piles of books everywhere. Her washing hangs in the kitchen along with a man's.

She puts her bag down. She goes to the toilet.

She wanders into the kitchen and opens the fridge. There is a shepherds pie in there. It has a note written on it saying:

"DO IT PROPERLY. HEAT IT UP."

She smiles slightly, takes it out, puts some in a bowl and starts eating it.

She pulls out her phone and plays the Irena interview again. She hears herself

EVE  
(through recording)  
Does anyone in the department speak  
heroin Polish?

It plays for a few more beats. She puts the bowl down and leaves.

32

INT. BRIDGE CLUB. LATER.

32

Eve enters the club. The club is laid out with folding baize-topped tables and stackable plastic chairs. It's buzzing. People are setting up tables. They are a few games already being played. There are a mixture of players. Mostly grey-haired and cardigan-ed, but with a splattering of middle aged, brightly dressed enthusiasts and the occasional young-un dragged along by a parent. Eve moves through the tables to get to the bar. She orders a couple of drinks and sits back to watch Niko.

Niko (40s, gentle giant) sits at a table. He has a big bushy moustache, a slow, gentle pace and a dry smile. He's playing a practice hand with three beginners, his gaze attentive, his movements economical. Even at a distance Eve can see from their body-language how anxious the novices are to impress him.

An elderly woman puts down a card, Niko regards it for a moment before picking it up and returning it to her with a grave smile. The elderly woman looks confused for a moment, then her hand flies to her mouth and everyone at the table laughs. This makes Eve smile. She texts something from her phone.

Across the room Niko looks at his phone. He looks up and spots her. Excuses himself from his table and moves towards her.

NIKO  
(re text message she sent)  
I wasn't flirting.  
(he kisses her)  
Thought you'd have been straight  
back to bed this evening.

EVE  
I'm soldiering through.

NIKO  
Want to play?

EVE  
Sure. I need to borrow your ears  
for a second later. What's the name  
of the greasy Polish teenager on  
your table?

NIKO  
Dom?

EVE  
Yes. Dom. Greasy Dom. I need him  
too.

NIKO  
Ok. But play one game first.

EVE  
Sure.

He takes her coat off her shoulders and hangs it up. She  
looks over her shoulder as she walks towards the table with a  
grin.

EVE (CONT'D)  
I'm going to win. By the way.

NIKO  
We'll see.

EVE  
No, I really am.

He puts his hands round her waist as they walk

NIKO  
We'll see.

33 INT. BRIDGE CLUB. CONT.

33

They sit at his table and begin to play with the elderly lady  
and a teenage boy, Dom.

EVE  
Hey Dom. Can I use you later for  
something?

DOM  
I'm five pounds an hour.

EVE  
Great. You're cheap.

DOM  
Yeah, but I'm also not joking so -

Eve laughs. Eve looks at Niko, who raises his eyebrows in amusement.

EVE  
A fiver it is then.  
(beat)  
Now focus, while I whip yo ass.

He looks surprised, then grins slightly. She's fun.

34 INT. BRIDGE CLUB. BAR. LATER.

34

Niko sits listening to the recording on Eve's phone. Dom shares the earphones with him. One ear each.

NIKO  
Whoa. She is flying.

DOM  
Yeah.

They both laugh

EVE  
Couldn't get anything out of her.

NIKO  
(listening)  
Oh dear. She is in a whole  
different place. Poor thing.

Dom points to the recording

DOM  
Is this legal?

EVE  
Niko used to hang out with a lot of  
Polish heroin addicts when he was  
doing bridge tours. Thought he'd  
have a better ear than the  
translator they gave me today.  
(beat, Dom's a bit taken  
aback)  
No, it's not legal. Will you listen  
too? It might be teenage Polish.

DOM  
What do you need?

EVE  
Just the description of the person  
she saw while she was on the  
street.

NIKO  
 (listening to the  
 recording)  
 Here she goes. Tall, dark haired...  
 and -

He laughs and turns to Dom.

NIKO (CONT'D)  
 If I say  
 (points to Eve)  
 Ale decha. What does that mean?

Dom goes bright red.

DOM  
 Um. What?

NIKO  
 What do you think?  
 (pointing again)  
 Ale decha?

Dom starts laughing.

DOM  
 No, Well, I - I don't want to  
 comment but - I mean they're lovely  
 but-

EVE  
 What the fuck are you talking  
 about?

DOM  
 (giggling his arse off)  
 Ale decha... is... Small...  
 breasts.

NIKO  
 Flat-chested. Like a plank.

Eve is frozen.

DOM  
 (so embarrassed)  
 Oh my god.

NIKO  
 (trying not to laugh)  
 This kid is using slang your Ethel  
 probably isn't familiar with. Your  
 killer was a...  
 (beat he translate as he  
 listens)  
 "A skinny, small breasted, bitch"  
 apparently.

Eve immediately turns and walks out of the club.

The two boys look at each other. What did we say?

35

EXT. BRIDGE CLUB. CONT.

35

Eve is on her phone speaking to Elena who is still at the office. We intercut between them.

EVE

I was counting on you not having a life. Why are you still at the office?

ELENA

My sister and her asshole baby are staying over while she goes for interviews. I get more sleep here. What do you want from me?

EVE

Can you pull Margit Ghelder onto the system. And any other active female assassins under the age of 45.

ELENA

(on her computer)  
Ok. Got Margie. Go.

EVE

How big are her tits? Breasts?

ELENA

Ok. I know you're "into" assassins, but I refuse to talk about them in this way. They're people too y'know.

EVE

Elena!

ELENA

Massive. She appears to have massive, pendulous breasts.

(beat)

Is that doing it for you?

EVE

Thank you. Any others on the ground?

ELENA

There are only two more on record, I'm just pulling them up. Katrina Voltrinski and Wendi Ellsen. What's this about?

EVE  
They're both dead. Are there any  
alerts up for new ones?

ELENA  
No.

EVE  
Ok thanks. Don't tell anyone I  
asked for that.

ELENA  
Of course. All our hotlines are  
completely confidential, madam.

EVE  
(can't help but be  
amused.)  
Fuck off.

Eve hangs up. She stands for a moment. Raises her eyebrows.

36 INT. OPERA HOUSE. LATER. 36

Villanelle, holding a coffee studies a poster of the show  
which is pinned outside.

The young actress whose image takes up the entire poster is  
the very same girl depicted in the photograph in Greco's  
office.

She walks around the side of the building.

37 INT. OPERA HOUSE. STAGE DOOR. 37

Villanelle walks towards the stage door. There is a van, a  
few people carrying pieces of set into the building.

Villanelle frowns. Behind the van there are the two cars she  
saw leave Greco's house. A couple of his guards are leaning  
against one of them.

She steps back behind the van so as not to be seen.

She watches as a young man appears from the stage door. He  
takes a box or a piece of set out of the van and carries it  
back in through the door.

38 INT. OPERA HOUSE. BACK STAGE. 38

Villanelle, now carrying a piece of set wanders through the  
bowels of the opera house. She follows the sounds of clanging  
as a set is built. Suddenly a voice soars above all else. She  
listens, drops the intricate piece of set into an enormous  
black bin and follows the sound.

39 INT. OPERA HOUSE. AUDITORIUM.

39

Villanelle opens the doors. The house lights are up, the set is half built and people are moving props around the stage.

In amongst the chaos of setting up, a young woman stands centre stage. She is in her early twenties, buxom, blonde with a natural flush in her cheeks and a voice which soars out of her.

Villanelle scans the room. Her eyes fix on something. Sat in a box, leaning over the edge, fixated on the girl, with a tear in his eye, is Greco. No guards. Just him in his box.

She moves sharply back behind a pillar. She studies him. She studies the room. She's got him. She is steely and cold as she assesses him and the room.

She looks closely at the woman he admiring. Close up on her curves, her long neck and then her breasts as the girl pushes them out with each breath for Greco.

Villanelle rolls her eyes and turns to walk out. She has to compete with *that*.

40 INT. COUTURE SHOP. LATER.

40

Villanelle is looking at some beautiful clothes. She strokes a dress. The shop assistant smiles at her. She smiles back.

Villanelle continues to browse.

She picks up a clutch bag.

She examines the size and inside carefully. Satisfied, she takes it to the counter.

The shop assistant smiles

SHOP ASSISTANT  
*Just enough space for the  
essentials!*

VILLANELLE  
*Yes. Exactly!*

They both laugh, merrily.

41 INT. MI5. BILLS OFFICE. DAY.

41

Eve pokes her head round the door. Bill, looking knackered, is working.

EVE  
Lunch swap. What have you got?



BILL  
Cold fish and rice. Again.

EVE  
(holding hers out)  
Sort of meat and potato Polish  
shepherds pie thing.

BILL  
Done.

He takes hers and passes her his packed lunch. Eve opens it -  
its the most beautiful home made sushi you have ever seen.  
Eve stuffs a piece in her mouth.

EVE  
God, your wife is an artist.

BILL  
She's a control freak.  
(poking the shepherds pie)  
Can I eat this cold?

EVE  
Hell, yeah.

They eat for a moment. He eyes her for a moment before.

BILL  
Say it.

EVE  
Ok, I'm a bit nervous of telling  
you this in case you fire me or  
reveal you're part of a whole  
conspiracy or something, but in my  
heart I know no-one would risk that  
much on you so I'm just going to  
come out with it. The Berlin  
assassin was a woman. I interviewed  
the witness and she confirmed it.  
The description doesn't fit anyone  
on the system and personally I  
think it's very odd that the moment  
it was flagged that she might be  
female, the urgency to find a  
witness was dropped completely  
without so much as a statement.

Beat

BILL  
They found CCTV.

EVE

Over twenty four hours of searching for quote "any kind of lead" produces *nothing* and then 15 minutes after I suggest it might be a woman, local CCTV footage conveniently pitches up!?

BILL

It happens. Get your hot little Nikita fantasy out of your head. It was a bloke.

Beat. They eat. Eve is annoyed.

EVE

You're a dick.

BILL

No, I have an 18 month old that won't let me sleep. I'm going to believe what the bosses tell me until he grows up and I can think for myself again.

(beat)

What would the conspiracy be, anyway?

(faux shock)

Women can *kill*?

(he laughs)

Come on. I think that's already out there.

EVE

I just thought it was weird.

BILL

Our job is weird.

Elena pokes her head in

ELENA

Guys, the Nazi youth radical visiting Bristol next week has announced on twitter that he's coming in full costume.

(beat)

I think we should up his protection.

Eve and Bill look at each other. Yes. Their job is weird.

42

EXT. OPERA HOUSE. EVENING.

42

We follow behind Villanelle as she walks across the pebble stones to the opera house.

She looks glamorous as hell, but not showy. In a simple, full-length, figure clinging, deep red Valentino dress she is a minimalist beauty.

She holds her new clutch bag and wears a striking hair clip as the only adornment. She touches it lightly as she walks.

Audience members flow past her into the impressive building.

Her appearance leaves appreciative impressions on some of their faces.

She pulls out her ticket as we follow her into the lobby.

43

INT. OPERA HOUSE. BAR.

43

Villanelle swoops up the stairs and into the main bar.

VILLANELLE  
(in Italian)  
*Water. Still, please.*

The barman pours her a water. She takes it and turns to us for the first time. She looks exquisite.

A dark haired, suited, manicured, slightly naughty-looking man eyes her from across the room. She avoids his eye contact and glances at her programme. He saunters up.

LEOLUCA  
(in Italian)  
*Are you alright?*

VILLANELLE  
Excuse me?

He effortlessly switches to English

LEOLUCA  
You look miserable. It's breaking my heart.

She holds his gaze. There is instant chemistry.

VILLANELLE  
(dryly)  
I'm actually in a moderately good mood.

LEOLUCA  
(teasing her)  
You hide it well.

Beat. She gives him nothing.

VILLANELLE  
So do you enjoy Puccini?

VILLANELLE (CONT'D)

Not really.

LEOLUCA

Me neither. Why do we do it to ourselves!?

He laughs, she smiles.

LEOLUCA (CONT'D)

(holding out his hand)

Leoluca Messina.

She hesitates, then takes it.

VILLANELLE

Sylviana Morel.

LEOLUCA

What brings you to Palermo,  
Sylviana Morel?

Half turning, Villanelle suddenly allows a smile of recognition to light her face. She waves towards the entrance.

VILLANELLE

Ah! Will you excuse me, Signor  
Messina. My friends are here.

She walks off. He watches her as she disappears into the crowd. He cranes his neck slightly to see who she is meeting. He, of course, sees no-one and a look of amusement crosses his eyes. He has been rejected. This does not happen very often.

44 INT. THE STALLS.

44

Villanelle moves into her seat. She picks up her opera glasses and starts surveying the room. The auditorium, now fully adorned with lights and chatter, is heaving.

She studies her programme. Then again, through her glasses, she watches as a rather large, very glamorous, very Italian woman in her 70s enters the box next to Greco's, yet still no Greco.

As the music swells she checks again. The woman is alone.

Then finally, as the lights dim a figure appears silhouetted in Greco's box. He has arrived.

We see the skin prickle on the back of her neck as the curtain rises and the opera bursts into action.

45 INT. EVE'S FLAT

45

Eve walks into her flat. Polish music is coming from the kitchen and Niko is singing badly and cooking.

EVE

Hi.

He doesn't hear her. She's irritated by her day and this isn't helping.

EVE (CONT'D)

(shouting)

HI.

She hangs her coat on a hook.

46 INT. EVE'S FLAT. KITCHEN. CONT.

46

Eve walks in to find Niko singing and cooking.

EVE

Hi.

NIKO

Hi! Good day?

EVE

Hm.

NIKO

What did Bill say about your bitch on heels?

EVE

(sarcastic)

Oh he took it right to the top. Gave me a promotion, an extra weeks holiday and he threw us a puppy for all the extra work I put in.

NIKO

That bad?

EVE

Yep.

She heads to the door.

NIKO

(the music)

Want me to turn this down?

EVE

No no. It's fine.

She smiles, but is clearly stressed. As she exits he turns the music down anyway and continues to sing, but quietly this time.

47 INT. STALLS. INTERVAL. 47

Applause roars as the house lights come up for the interval, and conversation swells in the auditorium, Villanelle watches the Italian woman from the box.

The woman stands, with some difficulty. Villanelle rises.

She watches Greco. He sits in the shadows.

48 INT. OPERA. CORRIDOR. 48

Villanelle makes her way up the stairs. She spots the woman heading for the ladies. There is a queue.

VILLANELLE  
(in Italian)  
*There is a private rest-room along  
here Senora.*

The woman appears grateful, if a little confused, as Villanelle ushers her to the disabled facilities.

As they walk, Villanelle notices Leoluca heading towards her from the bar. She pretends she doesn't see him.

When they reach the disabled toilet, the woman enters with a grateful smile.

After a few beats. When no-one has noticed. Villanelle walks up to the door. Using the clasp of her clutch bag she opens the door. We see only a flash of an old woman's legs sat on the toilet.

Villanelle closes the door behind her. A few seconds later she opens the door to exit. This time we see a flash of an old woman's legs sprawled out on the floor.

The bell rings and Villanelle exits the bathroom, re-locks the door and walks off.

50 INT. EVE'S STUDY. EVENING. 50

Eve is in her study.

She is reading files on recent assassinations and murders by women in the last couple of years.

She fixates on one newspaper cutting - A Balkan Scientist found murdered simply. A sliced artery. He bled out quickly.

There is a picture of Margit Ghelder sporting her large breasts. Niko enters. She jumps.

NIKO

It's ok. Only me. Your husband. In your own house.

He passes her a bowl of food. She takes it gratefully and holds up her phone to show him an e-mail.

EVE

Bill: "Stop emailing me. Polish slang isn't as reliable as CCTV, Eve." I hate it when he uses my name.

NIKO

He's got a point.

EVE

I'm going to put a file together. How was school?

NIKO

I moved one of my maths kids up a set. He walked in like a king.

She smiles. Niko points to the picture of Margit.

NIKO (CONT'D)

She looks friendly.

EVE

She assassinated 28 people over six years. She smashed it.

Niko exhales

NIKO

(sincerely)  
Evil.

EVE

Perhaps not. She could have been desperate for work... hungry.

NIKO

There are other ways to make a living.

EVE

Fair point.  
(flicks through her file)  
She got sloppy in the end though. This new one is something special I think.  
Unfortunately the special ones rarely make mistakes.

She spins round on her chair and puts her arms around him.  
She looks up at him.

EVE (CONT'D)

You know, if I had to kill you I'd  
poison you, chop you up, put you in  
the blender and then pour you down  
the sink with bleach.

(beat)

They'd never get me.

He kisses her on the head and exits, leaving her confused -  
did she offend him?

51 INT. ELDERLY WOMAN'S OPERA BOX. CONT.

51

Alone, at the front, perched on one of the gilt chairs, with  
the scarlet-upholstered rail at chest level, Villanelle now  
sits in the box. She is the picture of elegance. She places  
her bag with the gun in it on her chair.

Music swells.

A figure is now silhouetted in the box next to her. We can  
just make out Greco. She leans forward a little more and  
releases a delicate and awe-stricken gasp at the set as the  
lights flood the stage.

It is just enough for him to notice her.

His gaze holds on her for a moment. She does not look at him,  
but tilts her head lightly so her slender neck is more  
exposed to him.

Villanelle watches the men and women in the audience as they  
experience the opera.

Her eyes fall on Leoluca who is in the stalls with a  
massively overdressed woman. She watches him put his hand on  
her leg.

As the second act comes to a dramatic end, the curtain falls  
again. The crowd erupts in applause.

Villanelle turns and smiles at Greco who has been looking at  
her for the past minute. He does not smile back.

Beat. She stands to exit the box.

She opens the door to find Guard 1, from the house, looming  
over her, blocking her exit. He appears aggressive. For a  
moment it seems they have smelt a rat. We can see her clutch  
bag remains on the seat. She appears unarmed. For a second we  
think he recognises her but...



GUARD  
 (in Italian)  
*Good evening.*

Villanelle stands. Ready for anything.

GUARD (CONT'D)  
*Would you care to join Don Salvador  
 for a glass of wine?*

Beat

VILLANELLE  
*That would be lovely. Thank you.*

She picks up her clutch.

GUARD  
*You can leave that.*

Beat. She smiles and leaves it on her chair. She walks out of her box.

52 INT. GRECO'S BOX.

52

Villanelle stands opposite Greco. He is large and strong. He towers above Villanelle.

She stands in front of him. He smiles at her gently.

GRECO  
 Beautiful dress.

VILLANELLE  
 Thank you. It's Valentino.

GRECO  
 (he smiles)  
 Of course.  
 (gestures for her to sit  
 down)  
 Please.

He pours a glass of wine.

GRECO (CONT'D)  
 May I tempt you with a glass of  
 frappato? It is from my own  
 vineyard and it complements the  
 (gestures to the stage)  
 tragedy beautifully.

VILLANELLE  
 Thank you.

He passes it to her. They delicately clink glasses and he sits beside her. He stares at her.

GRECO  
Are you a guest of Signora  
Carvelli?

VILLANELLE  
Yes.

GRECO  
Forgive me. I'm not sure how, but I  
didn't notice you during the first  
act.

She smiles coyly

VILLANELLE  
I am rarely noticed, I think.

GRECO  
Do you prefer it that way?

Beat. She thinks about it.

VILLANELLE  
No.

He smiles

GRECO  
Then I'll be sure to give you my  
utmost attention. Are you  
comfortable?

She nods.

GRECO (CONT'D)  
Very good.

Pause. He assesses her.

GRECO (CONT'D)  
Very, very good.

Pause. They sit and observe the crowd in the stalls

They watch a couple having a little tiff. A man is nagging  
his wife and she, bored, swats him off and engages  
flirtatiously with an usher.

GRECO (CONT'D)  
(amused)  
It seems drama is not reserved for  
the stage.

Villanelle laughs sweetly

GRECO (CONT'D)  
Why do you think they are fighting?

VILLANELLE

(re the bickering couple)  
On the surface - because she wants  
to buy an ice-cream and he wants a  
drink.

GRECO

And underneath?

VILLANELLE

He doesn't lick her enough.

He can't help but laugh. He turns to her, surprised. She  
smiles sweetly.

VILLANELLE (CONT'D)

Oh. You think he does?

Beat.

GRECO

May I ask your name Signorina?

VILLANELLE

Sylviana Morel.

GRECO

(he kisses her hand)  
Salvador Greco. I take great  
pleasure in meeting you this  
evening.

VILLANELLE

Are you here alone?

GRECO

No. I am here for the soprano,  
Farfaglia.

VILLANELLE

For?

GRECO

I provided for her training. She is  
my gift to the world.

VILLANELLE

She is lovely.

GRECO

She is like a daughter to me.

Beat. She smiles.

VILLANELLE

And does she let you lick her too?

He looks at her, slightly disturbed.

Suddenly the lights dim and the music starts. Just as the lights fade on Greco's face a faint smile crosses his lips. He is intrigued and attracted to this mysterious woman.

GRECO

What do you do, Signorina Morel?

She gently puts her finger to her lips and points to the stage. His gaze rests on her face and then her body for a little while before he turns to watch.

As the action becomes violent on stage she leans over

VILLANELLE

(whispering)

Could you ever hurt anyone Signor Greco?

Beat.

GRECO

Could you?

She smiles and looks back at the stage.

We watch the aria soar over the audience as it comes to it's climax. Villanelle notices a women crying in the stalls.

As it builds, Villanelle looks to the stage and within moments, tears fall down her cheek.

Greco notices her. He too has tears falling down his face.

He pulls a handkerchief out of his pocket and lightly presses it against her cheek.

She looks into his eyes. It's an intensely romantic moment; the low lights, the music, the loneliness.

She takes the pin out of her hair letting it tumble. As the song reaches its heights Greco turns to Villanelle and brushes her cheek again

GRECO (CONT'D)

Of course she lets me fuck her - everybody does.

She plunges the hair clip into his eye, injecting the paralyzing etorphine into the frontal lobe of his brain.

The hair-clip-syringe, empties into Greco's eye as he shudders in shock and panic in his seat. It is clearly paralyzing him with a deadly poison.

Suddenly the audience erupts into rapturous applause. People stand as the curtain falls and rises again for the cast to take their several bows.

For several long seconds, Villanelle is overwhelmed by the intensity of the killing, and by a satisfaction so piercing that it's close to pain. It's the feeling that sex always promises but never quite delivers.

Greco's surviving eye, panicking and confused, darts around it's socket. His hand flies sideways hitting the bottle and glasses of wine off the table. They crash onto the floor and wall.

There is a knock on the door.

GUARD (O.S.)

Salvador?

Villanelle swoops forward and locks the door to the box. The guards clearly hear it and the handle starts to rattle as they call out.

She looks calmly around the box, then at the audience, then at the shaking Greco who, from behind looks as though he might be applauding vigorously.

The guards are now shouldering the door. She makes her decision.

With a swift motion she hitches her deep, blood red silk dress, and athletically lifts herself on to the balcony of the box. The audience face forward applauding. She is in plain sight, this great flying beauty and yet no-one notices a thing. With an elegant, controlled movement she edges towards the balcony of her own box.

Just as her back meets the partition the guards burst through the door. We see Villanelle standing high between the two boxes, we see Greco from the front, his mutilated eye bleeds down his face as he gasps for air, unable to move.

In this pause Villanelle takes in the drama. For a moment the guards are confused- from where they are standing, with only a view of him from behind, Greco seems fine. He suddenly collapses, they lurch forward.

But just before Villanelle drops into her box, she notices one pair of eyes watching her from the stalls. Leoluca. Their gaze fixates. He makes no expression. Suddenly, he excuses himself to the woman next to him and starts moving out of his row.

Villanelle jumps into her box unseen. The guards lean over the edge trying to locate her. She seems to have vanished.

She grabs her clutch bag, swiftly removes her pistol, exits her box,

54 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE OPERA BOX. CONT. 54

Villanelle knocks on the door of Greco's box, opens the door and shoots both the guards.

She breaks into a controlled run.

55 INT. OPERA. CORRIDOR. 55

Buried in the sounds of raptuous applause, we follow Villanelle through the corridors of the opera, through the bar and the lobby and out onto the street.

56 EXT. OPERA. STREET. CONT. 56

She swaggers slightly in her success as her heels click away over the cobbles of the piazza.

An angel of death, a smug smile dancing across her lips.

LEOLUCA (O.C.)  
Signorina Morel!

She rolls her eyes, takes her gun out of her bag again and keeps walking. He catches up.

LEOLUCA (CONT'D)  
(behind her)  
Signorina!

She spins round and firmly holds her gun to his stomach. She looks down. He is now holding a gun to her stomach. She is a little impressed. He is out of breath and aware of people around. He acts like they are not holding guns to each other.

LEOLUCA (CONT'D)  
(breathless, charming)  
Sorry! I just - I just had to ask you one... little question before you go.

Beat.

LEOLUCA (CONT'D)  
Why the fuck did you just kill my Uncle?

57 INT. EVE'S BEDROOM. 57

Eve, agitated, is taking her basic mascara off with a cotton pad, Niko is already in bed in their tiny, cluttered bedroom.

EVE

How can they just *drop* a witness?

(beat)

CCTV or not, you are surely supposed to interview a *witness* to the *crime*. It's ludicrous. They've got the wrong gender for gods sake!

NIKO

(her cotton pad)

Bin.

She puts it in the bin and gets into bed

EVE

I leave no stone un-turned, but no-one listens to me because -

NIKO

You're in the wrong department.

EVE

Exactly.

NIKO

Should've been a spy.

EVE

Yes.

She curls up to him. They lie there for a moment.

EVE (CONT'D)

Tell me more about your maths king.

NIKO

Ah, he's not ready for the top set, really. But I have faith in him. He needs to be pushed. How was your lunch?

EVE

Delicious, thank you.

(beat)

Sorry.

Beat. She kisses him. He turns to her.

NIKO

Is there any chance the CCTV footage be considered ambiguous?

EVE

Probably.

Pause. They look at each other. She starts getting out of bed.

NIKO  
You *haven't* seen the CC-

Walking out the room

EVE  
(embarrassed)  
Shut up.

NIKO  
(calling after her)  
You leave *no* stone un-turned!

58 EXT. OPERA. COURTYARD.

58

Villanelle stands close to Leoluca. People are starting to leave the opera.

Their guns are held at each others stomachs. They stare at each other. He pushes it a bit so he can feel her stomach muscles. She clenches slightly.

LEOLUCA  
Who are you? Which family?

She doesn't say anything. A siren blares from nearby.

LEOLUCA (CONT'D)  
Ok. You have two options. You can -

She punches him face, disarms him as he crouches and walks off.

A police car screeches to the top of the street. Fuck. She turns back round. Another police car blocks her other exit. People are flooding out of the opera.

Leoluca, clasp his nose which bleeds through his fingers, stumbles to his feet. She turns to him as he speaks.

LEOLUCA (CONT'D)  
Option one! You wait here and get arrested and probably tortured to death by my uncle's friends. Who, I assure you, can be very imaginative.

(beat)  
Or, option two, you follow me and I get you the fucking out of here.

She is confused. She raises a gun. He puts his hands up. A show of peace.

LEOLUCA (CONT'D)  
You just did my family a huge favour in there.



59 EXT. PALERMO. CONT. 59

They speed along the roads, Villanelle holding the gun at Leoluca's neck the whole way. She screams with the speed. She loves it. He laughs too.

60 INT. EVE'S STUDY. NIGHT 60

She is staring at her files. She picks up her phone. It goes to Bill's answer phone.

EVE

Can you at least ask if we can see the CCTV of the Horvat murder? I'll baby-sit for a week and I'll make sure Niko makes your favourite lunches.

She slumps in her seat and looks at a poster of Nikita pinned on her wall.

She picks up a folder and tries to focus on work. She puts it down again.

She is bored and frustrated. She decides to touch herself, slightly begrudgingly.

She sits in her chair and stuffs her hand down her pyjama bottoms. After a second she pulls her hand back out with a sigh.

She picks up her files and opens them again.

61 EXT. PALERMO. COUNTRY ROAD. FIELD. NIGHT. 61

Leoluca pulls into the field and kills the engine. He climbs off the bike.

LEOLUCA

Ok. This should do it.

Villanelle climbs off the bike and points her gun at Leoluca. He puts his hands up.

LEOLUCA (CONT'D)

Put that down. I want to talk to you.

VILLANELLE

Take off your clothes.

He laughs.

LEOLUCA

Don't be an asshole.

She shoots the gun next to his feet.

VILLANELLE  
Take off your clothes.

He takes off his clothes. He hesitates at the pants. He raises his eyebrows at her. She just stares at him, pointing to her gun which she has trained on him. He takes off his pants.

LEOLUCA  
Fucking pervert.

This amuses her

VILLANELLE  
You're going to regret saying that.

LEOLUCA  
I just fucking saved your fucking life!

She continues to point the gun.

LEOLUCA (CONT'D)  
Who are you working for?

VILLANELLE  
Doesn't matter.

LEOLUCA  
I'd say its a point of interest.

VILLANELLE  
Doesn't matter.

LEOLUCA  
(being careful)  
Ok.

She holds the gun at him. There is a long pause. Why hasn't she shot him? He's getting frustrated. And cold.

LEOLUCA (CONT'D)  
What do you want? You want to kill me?

She says nothing. He tries to disarm her with charm

LEOLUCA (CONT'D)  
You want to see me scared? Running?  
You want to see me running you little pervert?

He runs on the spot a bit. She says nothing. Just holds the gun up and stares at him. He is exasperated.

LEOLUCA (CONT'D)  
 What is this? You wanna kill me or  
 you want to fuck me?!

She says nothing, but something happens in her eyes. He notices, he was not expecting this reaction.

LEOLUCA (CONT'D)  
 (he laughs)  
 You want me to fuck you!?

Her eyes flash again. He starts walking towards her.

LEOLUCA (CONT'D)  
 Ok.  
 (beat)  
 I can do that.  
 (beat)  
 I can do that.

He stands naked directly in front of her. Her red dress blowing slightly in the breeze.

She slowly brings her hand up to his face and touches his face. She slowly squeezes his cheeks, hard. She leans in and kisses him. He takes hold of her body. It's clear they are going to fuck like its the last fuck on earth.

Time passes.

They lie on the grass for a moment slightly out of breath, side by side. He turns to her. Takes her chin in his hand and gently turns her head to face him. It's intimate, and oddly romantic.

He studies her for a moment before speaking.

LEOLUCA (CONT'D)  
 (whispered)  
 Crazy girl.  
 (beat)  
 Which family are you?  
 (beat, he grins)  
 I need to know if I just fucked my  
 cousin.

She says nothing. She just stares into his eyes. Unwavering. Unreadable. She strokes his face.

LEOLUCA (CONT'D)  
 OK. But even if we're not... We're  
 the same somehow... I can see it.

He touches her eyes gently. She smiles and gets up quietly

VILLANELLE  
 I'm not your family.

LEOLUCA  
 (teasing)  
 Then you should definitely kill me.  
 You're not safe.

She gets up and pulls on her dress. He admires her.

VILLANELLE  
 Yeah.

She bends down to pick up her clutch bag, casually takes hold of her gun and shoots Leoluca in the head.

62 INT. PARIS METRO. DAY. 62

Black. Sounds of a train.

Villanelle, the most stylish woman we have ever seen sits in the carriage. She is effortlessly elegant with her small, chic weekend bag by her feet.

The train stops and a group of people get on.

63 INT. VILLANELLES FLAT. CONT. 63

Villanelle walks into her flat, puts down her keys. She pours herself some champagne.

She stands still for a moment. She checks her phone. Nothing. She walks into her bedroom and lies flat on her bed.

Beat. She lies there.

She snaps up. She has heard something.

She stands and walks lightly to check the front door.

It is open ajar.

She spins round and sees a man helping himself to a glass of water. This is Konstantin. He is a short bespectacled man. He is confident in his casualness.. There is something innately authoritative about him which is chilling.

She closes the door. He turns to face her.

KONSTANTIN  
 (as if repeating a news report)  
 Last night one of Sicily's most renowned gangsters and money launderers was found mysteriously murdered in his own opera box.  
 (beat)  
 Very good.

He takes a sip.

KONSTANTIN (CONT'D)  
 (to himself)  
 Water's very *hard* in this city.  
 (beat)  
 The principle suspect in the  
 investigation was his nephew,  
 Leoluca Messina, also a notorious  
 gangster and drugs baron.  
 (beat)  
 Also good.  
 (beat)  
 Who was seen fleeing the scene,  
 with an accomplice in a red dress.  
 (beat)  
 Not so good.  
 (beat)  
 Signor Messina was found dead this  
 morning in a nearby field.  
 (beat)  
 Bad.  
 (beat)  
 Naked and reportedly post-coital.  
 (long beat)  
 Very bad.

Villanelle suddenly looks very vulnerable, tears brim in her eyes.

KONSTANTIN (CONT'D)  
 Oh please.

She drops the act

VILLANELLE  
 I fucked up.

KONSTANTIN  
 Yes you did.

He waits for her to nod.

KONSTANTIN (CONT'D)  
 Little bastard called DNA.

VILLANELLE  
 I cleaned him.

KONSTANTIN  
 Hm.

He considers this for a moment before suddenly

KONSTANTIN (CONT'D)  
 Your personal allowance is  
 suspended until we can confirm you  
 are completely clear.

VILLANELLE  
 (furious)  
 WHAT?! I CLEANED HIM!

KONSTANTIN  
 No compromise.

Inflamed, she lashes out and flips a side table over in a tantrum. There is a childlike flash in her fury.

He turns to leave.

She launches at him. She throws him against the wall and holds his face like she is about to break his neck.

VILLANELLE  
 Tell them I won't accept that.

KONSTANTIN  
 There no point in me telling them that.

VILLANELLE  
 Why?

KONSTANTIN  
 (calmly)  
 Because I choose your punishments.  
 (beat)  
 So don't push me.

Furious, she drops her hands

KONSTANTIN (CONT'D)  
 And try to keep your fumbles to Parisian teenagers. Sicilian mafiosi are slightly more complicated.  
 (beat)  
 You're meant to be the best.

He opens the door just as a young woman, Villanelle's neighbour is passing with shopping bags

KONSTANTIN (CONT'D)  
 (charming as hell)  
 Ah! You must be the famous neighbour that my niece has been desperate to introduce herself too!

Villanelle shoots him a look

NEIGHBOUR  
 Oh! What really? No how silly!  
 Hello! I am Anne-Marie! Nothing ot be frightened of here! I just thought you were the quiet type!

VILLANELLE

I work long hours.

KONSTANTIN

She wants to ask you round for dinner. She's a little lonely in the city.

VILLANELLE

Thank you.

NEIGHBOUR

Why don't you bloody come to ours on Tuesday? We're having a few people over and - well - it would be perfect.

Konstantin slaps Villanelle on the shoulder.

KONSTANTIN

There you see. Tuesday! I'm sure you two will become firm friends!

NEIGHBOUR

Great! Knock at 8. Bring nothing but your lovely self! Sorry we didn't ask you before!

She walks off cheerfully.

KONSTANTIN

Sweet girl.

He walks off amused, putting headphones in. Villanelle is furious.

She enters her apartment. She grabs a knife from the kitchen rack and storms through the flat to the balcony. In her anger she catapults the knife out of the window. She breathes. Then peers over. Whoops.

Her phone beeps. She turns.

64 INT. MI5 EVES DESK. AFTERNOON.

64

Eve is on the phone with a coffee.

She puts it down as she sees Elena approach proffering a file.

ELENA

Ok. I really need an answer for what you want to do about the Russian speaker Victor Kedrin next week. Here's the latest.

She holds out the file.

EVE  
Shit. Of course. Sorry.  
(taking it)  
Sleep well?

ELENA  
Like a laptop.

Eve laughs and Elena walks off as Bill approaches.

BILL  
Lunch swap?

EVE  
Did you get my message about the  
CCTV.

BILL  
Yes. Take my sushi.

EVE  
So?

BILL  
Caroline said they couldn't pass it  
on. There's a block on it.

EVE  
What? That's ridiculous. We are  
authorised to see evidence  
pertaining to any assassinations -

BILL  
I know. You don't have to say  
'pertaining to'.

EVE  
Don't you think there is something  
fishy about this?

BILL  
Yes, I -

EVE  
(losing it)  
So fucking *do* something. Or are you  
just going to let them censor what  
we see? I'm sorry, Bill but you can  
be a real fucking potato sometimes.  
Having a baby isn't an excuse not  
to do your job. If you don't do  
something about this, I'm going to  
have to.

Beat



BILL  
I've gone over Caroline's head.

Massive pause

BILL (CONT'D)  
And I want to meet the crack pony,  
myself.

Beat.

EVE  
Ok.

BILL  
Ok.

EVE  
You're an excellent boss.

BILL  
I know.

He puts his lunch on her desk and takes hers. He walks off.

Eve, charged, picks up the phone. Dials.

EVE  
PC Max Harper please. Eve Polastri.  
(beat)  
Max. I need you to bring the Polish  
girl in again. Officially this  
time. Great. Make sure she's  
cleaned up and good for talking.  
Great. Thanks. Bye.

She puts the phone down. Breathes out.

She opens the folder to the Victor Kedrin request for  
protection and starts reading. There is a large photograph in  
there. She picks it up.

65 INT. VILLANELLES FLAT. NIGHT.

65

Villanelle opens an e-mail.

Another holiday snap comes up. She decodes the image.

It loads. It starts to look familiar.

The text appears:

**Flight AIRFRANCE 2230**

**MONDAY 20TH OCT.**

**08:00am CDG PARIS - LONDON**

The photo completes. With the name: **Victor Kedrin**.

She glances at her weekend bag. Still not yet unpacked. She looks back at the computer, we see the same photo Eve has of Victor is blown up on the screen.

She looks at it for a beat. Then it returns to the holiday snap.

Villanelle opens another tab. She types "Eve Polanski" into the search bar again. The same professional picture comes up. She looks at it. She then searches further. She scrolls through photos of unrelated images until she spots something. She scrolls back up and clicks on a photo.

It depicts about 10 people standing together outside the Bridge Club. They are smiling and a young, greasy, teenage Dom holds a trophy. Villanelle zooms in. The man is Niko, and he has his arm around a slightly dowdy looking Eve - trying to look excited.

Villanelle zooms into Eve's face. She stares at her.

Then snaps her laptop shut. END.